

There's One Range That's Always Good



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The Times' Daily Short Story.

AN INCORRIGIBLE SPELLER

[Original.]

Ruth Twining sat with an open note in her hand, a picture of misery and disappointment. She was a cultured, refined girl, who at school and afterward at college had been noted for the correctness of her English and the faultlessness of her essays. She had been born to wealth and luxury and was now suffering from reverses that had occurred to her father. Young Dick Boyd, whom she had long known and whose wife she had expected to be ever since she was ten years old, had her promise to marry him as soon as he was sure of a permanent income. But, while she loved Dick, she was uncertain as to the wisdom of passing a lifetime with him. As a schoolboy he had never handed in a composition that was not blotted, misspelled, ungrammatical and generally discreditable. She had hoped that when he became a man he would do better, and now she had evidence that he was not doing better. This is a copy of the note she held in her hand, a note from Dick:

I expect to get away from business early this afternoon and will come for a walk before dinner. I'm not sure, but if I come will be there by 5 o'clock. A man who I have an appointment with may keep me back. Otherwise you will see me on time.

"It's just as I always feared," she moaned. "How can a man who can't spell 'business' take any stand in business. 'Sure' spelled with an 'h'. 'A man who I have an appointment with.' 'You will see me on time.' One would suppose my determination on the subject to be irresistible. 'No,' she went on after much deliberation, 'it will never do for me to link my life with one who must ex natura rei (from the nature of the case) take a low stand even in the world of business.'"

It will be observed from this colloquy that Miss Twining was a college bred girl who preferred a Latin to an English expression and had more respect for professional than business life. She broke her engagement with Dick Boyd, though it cost her a severe pang to do so, and became a teacher. Everybody predicted that she would become prominent, and, as for Dick Boyd, most persons who had seen specimens of his literary productions put him down as sure to hold his position on the bottom rung of the ladder.

Dick on entering upon his position with the Starling Lumber company, a concern of many years' standing, was placed at clerical work. After leaving a blot on nearly every page of the ledger and sending out a number of misspelled and inaccurate statements the president called him into his private office and told him, putting it kindly, that he thought he would do better outside. Dick went outside and instead of blotting the books became a lumber shaver. But it was not long be-

fore it was evident that he would make a better boss, and in a few weeks he was in charge of the yard. Then he was sent to straighten out a bad complication at the mills and from this time forward was to perform what was considered impossible for any one else. Superintendent, secretary, vice president, were his successive titles, and at last when the president had got the company "into a hole" Boyd was given a block of the stock and made president for the purpose of getting it out. This he accomplished in a few years' time, and it made him rich.

Meanwhile Ruth Twining had spent a dozen years teaching and had reached a position at \$700 a year as instructor in English composition. Her principal duty was to correct the juvenile essays of the scholars, a work she did over and over again till her eyes ached and life seemed a burden. One day when she was more tired and disheartened than usual a letter addressed by typewriter was handed her. She opened the envelope and took out a typewritten letter. It read:

My Dear Old Sweetheart—I have never blamed you for not expecting anything of so bad a speller as I. The fault is inherited. My father couldn't spell correctly, and my sister is no better at spelling than I. Nevertheless I have been successful in another field, and as I shall never marry any one if I can't marry you I write to ask you if you will alter your decision of a dozen years ago. Whether I live a bachelor or a happy married man depends on your answer. DICK.

Had this letter not been written by a mechanical process and by an intermediate person Ruth might have been moved by it. As it was, she would as well have read it in a book. She took up her pen, wrote a refusal to reconsider the matter and was about to address it when, looking at the envelope in which Dick's letter had been inclosed for his address, she saw that something had been left in it. She drew out a piece of paper on which the original had been written for the typewriter to copy:

I haven't ever blamed you for not expecting anything from a man who can't spell (blot) as I am. My father couldn't spell any better than me. Nevertheless I have been successful, and as I shall (blot) never marry any body if I can't marry you (blot) I would like to know if you will change your mind of a dozen years ago.

Somewhat this bit of blotted, misspelled paper, which at one time would have repelled her, now beside its mechanical copy went straight to her heart. Turning it over, she noticed written in pencil on the back, "Don't tell him I put this in or I'll lose my position."

"That typewriter is surely a woman," mused Ruth; "only a woman would know the difference between the mechanical and the real." And straightway she wrote to Dick Boyd inviting him to come to see her.

Mrs. Ruth Boyd has a secretary who writes her notes (with a pen), working when she feels like it and drawing a salary of a hundred dollars a month. She is Mr. Boyd's former typewriter. F. A. MITCHELL.

PERIL IN GRAVY EATING

Senator Pettus Points Out Its Deleterious Effect.

SHORTENS THE LIFE OF MANKIND

That is the Gastronomical Warning of the Youthful Alabama Statesman at the Age of Eighty-three—The Sooner Gravy is Banished From Our Diet, He Says, the Better Will Be Coming Generation's Health.

"Young man," said Senator Pettus of Alabama, aged eighty-three, to a Washington correspondent, "the reason people get fat is because they eat too much gravy with their meat. Observe me. The Congressional Directory says I am eighty-three. Maybe I am, but I don't feel that old for forty years. I have never eaten much gravy. I was raised on a plain diet, and I have lived on it all my life. In this day gravy is called sauce, I know. It's a French word that means gravy, and if it had not been given a French name by the English speaking races I dare say not so much of it would be eaten. It is shortening the life of the race. Just like so many other French abominations are, and the sooner we banish it from our diet the better will be the health of the generation of young men and women coming on to take our places."

"Now, mark you, I don't object to a little gravy on my meat, but just a little—just enough to aid deglutition. It does not aid digestion at all, you know. On the contrary, it harms it—first, by interfering with the functions of the salivary glands, then by preventing the gastric juices from doing their perfect work, and finally by neutralizing the action of the alimentary juices. So I tell you to quit eating gravy on your meats. If you prefer to call it sauce, all right; but, by whatever name you designate it, by all means stop soaking your meats in it before eating them."

"A little of the natural juices of the meats, even if occasionally thickened with flour to give the gravy consistency, is not harmful; but, since the race is running to sauces, I am loath even to hint at the harmlessness of this."

"But, senator," the young man protested, "maybe it's your habits that have preserved you in perfect health to such a ripe old age. Haven't your habits been always regular? No late hours and all that sort of thing, eh?"

"My habits, young man," replied the fine old Alabama statesman, with a snort of rage and defiance, "have always been like the verb—regular, irregular and defective, begad, sir."

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The United States is the greatest coal producing country in the world.

A GREAT LABOR STRIKE.

Millions of Workers Out

One of the greatest labor strikes you can possibly imagine is that which takes place in your body when you eat improper food. Your body is a workshop and in it are millions and millions of workers—tissue builders. In the stomach alone there are more than five million of these workers, whose business it is to devise the means to build the body. If the food you eat is of a poor quality these five million toilers—these five millions of little microscopic peapod makers—strike, and millions and millions of other tissue builders in other parts of the body also strike through sympathy. They may strike for but a short time, but it is long enough to throw a lot of the delicate and intricate machinery in that wonderful workshop of yours out of repair and cause all manner of trouble.

The way to avoid labor strikes in the body is to supply that vast horde of artisans which build it with proper food material, and for this purpose there is nothing so good as Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuits, the only naturally porous food made from wheat. It is light, crisp, wholesome, and can be digested with ease. Shredded Wheat makes rich, red blood—blood that makes strong men, women, and children.

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"As a digestive, and in cases of chronic constipation and dyspepsia, Shredded Wheat acts as one of the very best remedies I have ever prescribed."—B. F. Anderson, M. D., Colorado Springs, Col.

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Tales of Mystery

Strange and Weird Happenings That Are Difficult to Explain.

How Two Ghosts Appeared to a Woman in Munich—She Knocked on a Window Pane. A Warning of Death.

Most persons will admit that a hotel in Munich is hardly the sort of place phantoms would choose for walking abroad in. Nor are ladies intent on inspecting the art treasures of that town likely to see curiously dressed ghosts in their hotel rooms.

And yet an English lady in similar circumstances met with a mysterious



THE STRANGE VISITORS BOWED.

experience. One early morning she lay in bed wide awake. Suddenly the door opened, and two well dressed cavaliers entered the room. One of these gentlemanly intruders had an old fashioned uniform of bright yellow with blue facings. He wore high boots, with no speck of dust on them. He made a low obeisance as he stepped forward from the door, taking off his cocked hat and almost sweeping the floor with it. He made a second low bow as he again advanced and then a third when he stood within a few feet of the bed. Behind him was another man equally well dressed, but in a brown suit. As the lady looked astonished they both retired, bowing as before.

Nothing was to be learned concerning either of these two apparitions, and no reason has been discovered why they should have appeared in a modern hotel.

Only the other day a leading magistrate at Manchester was entertaining an old military friend at his house. Both host and guest were Freemasons. The host had been giving himself the pleasure of attending a Masonic gathering, at which his soldier friend had been admitted by him to a higher grade of Masonry. Of course we cannot divulge what this was, nor need we particularize the signal by which such a newly promoted brother could communicate his rank to another brother. Suffice it to say that the signal is given in raps in a most spirited fashion. "Rat-tat-tat-tat!" was something like it.

Host and guest parted, one remaining at Manchester, one going to the country. The Manchester magistrate went to bed, as magistrates ought, at 11.

He soon fell asleep. The night was still.

But a little past 12 he suddenly started up wide awake.

In the profound silence he had distinctly heard the Masonic signal rapped against the panes of his bedroom window—rat-tat-tat-tat!

He had not been dreaming, for his wife had also been roused from sleep by the same sound. Being a matter of fact person and in total ignorance of its significance, she was not particularly interested; but, seeing her husband's excitement, she inquired what the sound meant, if anything was wrong, if any one was there.

"What is the time?" he asked, not heeding her questions.

She lit the candle and looked at her watch. It was 12:10.

"Something has happened to our friend. Mark the time," said the magistrate. And they once more turned to their pillows.

The sequel proved the truth of the magistrate's words, for the next morning he received a telegram telling him that his friend had died the night before.

But the post brought the crowning touch to this mysterious affair. A friend of the dead man wrote that he had died suddenly shortly after midnight, saying that he was quite prepared to go, but regretted leaving his friends. And just before breathing his last he had expressed a special desire to bid farewell to his host of the previous day at Manchester.

Can such events be put down to the imagination? Remember in this case both husband and wife heard the knock on the window pane.



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ASK FOR "LAUNDRY" SHAPE SUNLIGHT

THE KAISER'S AILMENT

Two Surgical Experts Say He Has Cancer.

CLAIM ALL EVIDENCE POINTS TO IT

One Authority Believes the Emperor Is as Good as In His Grave—Bad Taint Said to Be in the Blood—Case on Record in New York Where a Benignant Papilloma Became Malignant.

Two of the most distinguished cancer experts in New York said to a New York World reporter, each without the knowledge of the other, that it was their positive belief that Emperor William of Germany had been attacked by a cancerous growth in the larynx.

Said one at his home: "The Kaiser has a cancer as surely as I am sitting in this chair. All the evidence points that way. His father died of cancer in the larynx. His mother died of cancer. I tell you, the emperor is as good as in his grave, great as is the pity of it. Do not be deceived by the early bulletins. Watch for a recurrence of the growth. Watch for another operation."

"Remember the early bulletins when Grant was attacked. Remember the early bulletins when William's father, the Crown Prince Frederick, developed the so called 'benignant' growth in his throat. Cancer, that's what it is."

Said the other surgical expert:

"There is no doubt that the emperor is afflicted with a malignant tumor. That is clear from the start. He has a very bad taint in his blood. His father, his mother and his aunt died of cancerous tumors. However, the world has about given up the belief in the hereditary transmission of cancer, and there is no reason for alarm simply because his parents had these malignant growths."

"When the Emperor Frederick (then the crown prince) was first attacked with the foreign growth in the larynx it was given out that it was a benignant growth. There is no doubt that from the start the growth was malignant. But Sir Morrell Mackenzie, the eminent English specialist, contended against the eminent German specialists that it was not a cancer, but a harmless excrescence. Sir Morrell Mackenzie made the crown prince the emperor of Germany, and 100 days later the emperor died. It was a cancerous tumor from the beginning, but Frederick's accession to the throne made a difference of nearly \$500,000 a year in the income of his wife."

At the Vanderbilt clinic of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Sixtieth street and Amsterdam avenue, there is the record of a case which, in the minds of those who agree with the opinions of the two celebrated experts above quoted, may be prophetic of the outcome of Emperor William's illness.

The case in question came under the observation of Dr. Richard Frothingham, the instructor in throat diseases, who on request related the facts and circumstances.

The patient was a member of the police force. He was about forty-five years old. He first came under observation when he applied at a clinic for a relief from a trouble in his throat. He had been bothered with hoarseness. The throat was examined. The trouble was found to be in the larynx. The mirror revealed a small, warty growth

on one of the vocal cords about the size of a very small pea.

An operation was performed with a pair of Mackenzie forceps, and the growth was removed. It was, to all appearances, an ordinary papilloma of the vocal cord. The specimen was subjected to a pathological examination, which confirmed the original diagnosis of a benign papilloma. There was no trace of malignancy.

In less than a year the policeman returned to the clinic. He said he was again bothered by hoarseness. A second examination disclosed another benign papilloma, identical in appearance with the first and on the same spot in the larynx. There was a second operation, and the growth was removed with Mackenzie forceps and given over to the expert pathologist, who again confirmed the diagnosis of benign papilloma. There was no trace of malignancy.

Two years later the policeman applied a third time for relief. This time, however, an examination showed an entirely different condition of the larynx. Already there was a fully developed cancerous growth in that organ. Both sides of the larynx were involved, and the patient had reached the incurable stage. The cancerous growth was snared out and pathologically examined. There was no longer any doubt of the true nature of the tumor.

The patient lived for two years after the first removal of the cancer. He underwent a dozen operations. Each time the cancer was snared out of the larynx, but it kept on renewing itself, and the progress of the disease was steady until the policeman succumbed to exhaustion and died of heart failure. He lived for a year with a tracheotomy tube in his throat.

Dr. Frothingham said this case was rare and the only one in his experience.

SCHWAB-MORGAN SONG.

Verse Thrown on to Stage Makes a Hit in "Babes in Toyland."

Members of the Delta Upsilon society practically filled the Majestic theater in New York the other night, where "Babes in Toyland" is being given, says the New York World. During the "arithmetical song," sung by Miss Mabel Harrison, a young man in one of the boxes tossed a bit of paper on the stage. It proved to be a verse for the song, and Miss Harrison sang it for an encore. It ran as follows:

If Schwab and Morgan want to form
A billion dollar trust
And take some plants worth thirty cents
And some about to bust;
If the public then the stock does take
And pays a good amount,
How many points does that stock break
To lose your bank account?
Put down six and carry two, etc.

The verse made the hit of the evening.

Fancy Pack of Cards.

The Prince of Wales, who does not really care for cards, has followed the example set by the Kaiser and has ordered a fancy pack for the benefit of his children, says a London cablegram to the Cincinnati Enquirer. In the Kaiser's pack the pope is the king of spades, his own august person is represented by the king of hearts and the four knaves are four presidents of the chief councils. The Prince of Wales has made Queen Alexandra queen of hearts, his father king of hearts, the Kaiser king of clubs, Queen Marguerite of Italy queen of diamonds and the four knaves are members of the late cabinet. The cards are beautifully designed and printed, and the axes contain portraits of favorite court officials.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

Some Odd Incidents in Congressional Life.

Speaker Cannon of the house of representatives recently designated the half moon shaped space directly in front of the speaker's desk as the "area," says the Washington correspondent of the New York Herald.

Champ Clark, the Democratic probity maker from Missouri, announced that he will undertake to set a new style in the house. He will hereafter deliver all his remarks from the "area." Mr. Clark maintains that with the house of representatives containing nearly 400 members, none of whom "cares a hang" to hear the man who has the floor, something must be done or oratory will be a lost art. A member addressing the house from the "area" would have an opportunity to train his guns on the faces of his enemy at least, even if he did have to turn his back upon the speaker.

See a pin and pick it up,
And all the day you'll have good luck.
This is the couplet which Representative Crumpacker of Indiana acknowl-

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